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NO. 6.

Poetry.

"The Little Pool will Soon be Dry."

O, brightly beams the summer sky,
And rarely blooms the clover,
But the little pool will soon be dry,
The summer soon be over.

O, light and soft the west wind blows,
The flower-bells gently ringing;
But blight will fall upon the rose
Where now the bee is swinging.

A smile is on the silver stream,
A blush is on the flowers;
But the cloud that wears a golden gleam
Will waste itself in showers.

O, little hearts with gladness rife,
Among the waving grasses—
A deeper shade will fold your life
Than o'er the meadow passes.

O, maiden lips, O, lips of bloom!
Unburdened, save by singing,
Pale grief shall leave his seal of gloom
Where kisses now are clinging.

O, hope is sweet, O, youth is near,
And love is sweeter—surer,
O, life is sweet, and life is dear,
But death is often dearer.

O, shield the little hearts from wrong,
While childhood's laugh is ringing;
And kiss the lips that sing the song,
Before they cease their singing.

O, crown with joy the brows of youth,
Before their brows are older,
O, touch with love the lips of truth,
Before those lips are colder.

For the little pool will soon be dry,
The summer soon be over,
Though brightly beams the summer sky,
And rarely blooms the clover.

Miscellaneous.

From the Ohio Farmer.

THE FRETFUL HOUSE-WIFE, —OR— WHO'S TO BLAME!

BY MRS. FRANCIS D. GAGE.

"That Mrs. Jenkins is an awful piece—
I don't see how Jenkins stands; good easy
seems; he lets her scold away, and never
seems to mind it at all; but don't even seem
to hear. Well, I do reckon that's the best
thing he can do, but I tell you, now, if I
had such a woman, I'd find some way to
shut her up, and if I couldn't, I'd set fire
to the house, and run away by the light of
it; for a scold, I never would live with—
Let me see, you come pretty near marrying
Lydia yourself, didn't you? It seems to
me there used to be such a talk!"

"Yes, I'll own up to be engaged, as the
young folks say—but things didn't
prosper with me and the wedding was put
off, and we got into a little squabble, like;
I believe I was to blame, and we agreed to
part company; and I married Agnes, and
Lydia turned about and married Joe."

"This was said with a deep sigh, as if
there was something struggling in the
speaker's heart, that was not uttered."

"I reckon you thank your stars for the
deliverance," said the other speaker. "I
don't know," said the first slowly. "Lydia
was one of the kindest and smartest
girls in the country then, and nobody ever
thought of her turning out a scold; she was
as merry as a bird, and her wild song, as she
tripped along with her milk pail in the
morning, had no twang of the tumbler in
it. I used to think she was one of the
kindest and sweetest tempered of her sex.
But she is mightily changed." And the
man of forty sighed again, as he whittled
the bit of pine shingle to a point.

"There is no telling what a woman will
be at, by the sign of eighteen, is not
that so, Mrs. Tyler?" This was addressed
to a good looking benevolent woman, who
had joined the two former on the porch,
where they were chatting away the twilight
hour after their day's work.

"Not always," replied the lady addressed.
"For a woman at eighteen may be moulded
into an angel or demon; by the sur-
roundings of her after life, sometimes."

"We were talking of Mrs. Jenkins—she
frets his life out of him."

"Better say he frets hers out of her, re-
plied the lady with spirit."

"Never was there a pleasanter girl than
Lydia when she married Joe Jenkins, kind,
energetic, orderly, ambitious and af-
fectionate. She was calculated to make a
home happy as woman could. She was
refined and delicate; Joe was coarse and
slovenly; she loved the beautiful, he could
not tell the difference between a rose and a
burdock; she was orderly and systematic,
he was completely the reverse; she was
warm and genial as a May morning, he as
cold and repulsive as an icicle in Novem-
ber. So they commenced life; she worked
early and late, to get along; he loitered
and laid in bed, made excuses, put off
procrastinated, let things go wrong, and
by his neglect and carelessness, doubled all
her cares. I know just how it all began;
for I lived with her five years; she never
meant to be a scold, never; it came by
degrees. "Come Mr. Jenkins," she would
say, "can't you split me a little wood, my
bread is almost ready for the oven." "Yes,
pretty soon—where's the ax?—who's he had
that ax?—I wish the ugly children—"
Why, Mr. Jenkins, don't speak so—"
Well, his ax, and to try the patience of Job—
never can find anything when I want it."

"You should put it in its place then
yourself, when you use it."

"I did. I left it at the woodpile."

"No you did not. You left it down by
the barn, where you were mending bars."

"Humph! so I did." And off Joe
would go after the ax, find the pigs in the
corn for want of care in the fence, put off
after the pigs full run, drive them out half-
mile from the house, meet a neighbor, get
upon the fence and take an hour, forgetting
all about the wood. In the mean time
Lydia would run for the ax, chop her own
wood, and manage somehow to have the
bread all right, for nothing is over long
in her department, and Joe would not see

nor know that he had in the slightest trans-
gressed. The house leaked down rain up
on her head for five years, and she could
not induce him to mend the roof. The
crops were never planted, nor never gath-
ered in season. The fences were left half
half he did rise was destroyed by unruly
cattle. The cistern would leak by the year
together, a man's labor a half day would
repair it. But he would go to town and
stay three days in a week, and not get
back till midnight. If she made a little
garden, the gates were left off the hinges
and it was destroyed. He often laid out
in the morning till called the third or
fourth time to breakfast, while she milked
the cow with a lute in her arms, carried
in wood and ran to the garden for what
was needed. He always kept a great fam-
ily and little help. I was but a child then.
He never put anything in place, left every-
thing where he used it, never cleaned his
feet, or took the least pains to save labor,
and instead of helping her to govern the
boys as they grew up by his own careless
habits his waiting, putting off and want
of energy he taught them to follow his
ways.

Little by little Lydia learned to scold—
Every day for a year she would have to
remind him, that the bucket was down in
the well, or the cistern pump needed mend-
ing. All these things she would have
righted herself, but she never had money,
for Joe's carelessness left him always in
debt, and these debts were an excuse for
everything. He was mean in all little
things. He would let ten dollars go to
waste out side for the want of an hour's
care, yet scold her or the children for wast-
ing a goose quill or lucifer match, or a half
sheet of paper in a letter. Easy and good
natured for the most part, yet turbulent
and abusive, when things went wrong for
him, as they usually did. Lydia's good
humored, jocular disposition and gentleness
of spirit gradually wore out to him though
she was pleasant, as he used to say, to
every one else. Now, to worry, is a grown
habit, and as he takes it easy, never trying
to please her in any one thing.

"If he use her," he says "to try to please
her. She will fret. If he mends the cist-
ern she would find fault about the roof,
and if he stopped the leak she would want
the sports put up, and if that was done,
she'd remember that the garden was be-
hind time, and when that was brought up,
the door yard would need mowing or ma-
nuring, or the trees pruning, and so it no
use." Poor wretched man. He never let
it put him all to rights at once, to see its
effect. So for twenty-five years poor Mrs.
Jenkins has toiled almost day and night to
keep along, and by dint of fretting, coax-
ing and toiling has raised a pretty respect-
able family. But for all this "mother
soulds" and her reason for all this quad-
ruple labor is a worn out nervous system,
a face wrinkled and old, a spirit broken,
and the name of Fretful Housewife. Who
is to blame? I ask you candidly and seri-
ously, gentlemen, if you could either of
you be patient and forbearing at all times,
if you had to live with such a man as Joe
Jenkins! He is lazy, dogmatical, slovenly,
and cold hearted. Lydia is exactly
the reverse. There, there she is now driv-
ing the cows out of the cabbage, and there
he is, as usual, down by the grocery, smok-
ing his pipe and talking to old Phelps—
His half drunk. I suppose somebody will
say his wife scolded him into it.

"Hang his little picture," said the first
speaker, "I believe all he does is to talk;
he's good at that." The other got up and
walked away, sighing:

"Lydia ain't all to blame."

He was thinking, no doubt, of "what
might have been."

There are a great many Lydia Jenkins
in this world—fretful women, who get a
hard name simply because somebody else
never lives up to duty—good house-keep-
ers, good wives, good mothers, good neigh-
bors—no fault to be found with them, but
that they scold."

Look at the other side of the picture—
Husbands, that are men perhaps of mind,
character, and even wealth, yet so care-
less and neglectful of little things, so
thoughtless of a wife's comfort and hap-
piness, and so fearful of her acting herself,
as to restrict her to just what they think
necessary; and would be offended, and feel
their dignity infringed upon, were she to
take the responsibility of hiring a man to
chop her wood, or spade her garden—thus
curbing and fretting minds as earnest and
independent as their own, and filling their
paths with little annoyances, that make the
whole life a bitterness, simply because they
know and feel that these things are all un-
necessary, and might be removed without
an effort by the very hands that place them
in their way.

It is much easier for most minds to bear
great afflictions than to be cheerful under
constantly recurring petty vexation, and it
is a noticeable fact, that most fretful women
bear unavoidable trials with patient fortitude.
There are peevish, fretful women,
hosts of them, that have no excuse but a
morbid temper. But in judging of the
character of a woman, of whom the world
says: "she does nothing amiss, but scold,"
look at both sides of the question, and see
who is to blame.

LARGE EMANCIPATION.—Isaac N. Rob-
ertson, who lived in Charlotte county, Va.,
died on the 22d ult, and left a will emancipat-
ing about 75 slaves, and dividing his
real estate and other property among them.
Provision is made in the will for their re-
moval to Liberia.

CHEAP CORN.—South of Springfield,
Ill., on the railroads, some of the farmers
are offering their corn at 15 cents per
bushel in the field; others at 85 per acre.
The indications are, unless the frost sets in
early, that the corn crop will be enormous-
ly large.

CRIME IN NEW ORLEANS.—There have
been fifty-two murders and homicides in
New Orleans during the past eighteen
months. A great many persons have also
disappeared, who are supposed to have
been murdered. Thirty of the number kill-
ed were foreigners killed by foreigners.

THE LOST CENTRAL AMERICA.

The arrival of the saved passengers at
New York furnishes many columns of state-
ments relative to the loss of the Central
America. They, however, are very much
of the same tenor. A. Mr. R. T. Brown
attributes the loss of the steamer to the
fact that the Chief Engineer—the one ac-
cused of deserting of the ship—did not
do his duty in keeping the fires going. Mr.
B. says the tin life preservers were worth-
less as a slight knock would punch a hole
through them. He was carried down from
the sinking vessel, and on coming up heard
a fearful cry which seemed to come from
every struggling person at the same mo-
ment. This was about 8 o'clock in the
evening, and he was in the water until 8
o'clock the next morning. Mr. B. says
that Senators Gwin and Broderick were
not on board, neither was Judge McKim
of California.

A passenger on the steamer Empire City
describes the scene when that steamer fell
in with the Brig Marine having on board
the saved women and children, who as the
Empire City approached were wringing
their hands and weeping and laughing, by
tens, hysterically.

* As boat load after boat load reached our
ship's side and ladder, each vied with the
other in assisting them to our decks, and
in a short time the greater portion were
comfortably quartered in our cabins. To
the bystanders, the recognition and greet-
ing between the two parties—mother
claiming sons, and husband wife, the eager
scanning of each face in agonizing fear and
expectation, the joy or grief manifested as
recognition or disappointment awaited the
gaze, was touching in the extreme, strain-
ing the heart strings and moistening the
eyes of many hitherto unused to such mani-
festations.

The narrative of Mrs. Bowley who was
saved with her two children one of one
year and the other of two years, is pecu-
liarly interesting as showing how noble wo-
men can act in time of peril. She says
there was great fear, but no panic; when
the brig came in sight Capt. Herndon
came down and told the ladies that they
would be saved first. The ladies offered
to work at the pumps of the sinking ship,
when the men seemed fainting, but that
was declined, but the very offer seemed
to nerve the arms of the men. As the
time wore on the women became more and
more composed, although they were two
days with little to eat. In being trans-
ferred from the steamer to the small boats
the women were lowered by means of a
rope tied around them, then swung off,
ten dropping into the sea and hauled in
from the water. Mrs. B. says that Capt.
Herndon robbed himself even of his own
clothes and blankets, and parted with ev-
erything for the passengers' sakes; he re-
peatedly went into the cabin to cheer the
women, and always assured them that they
should be first cared for, and from the first
he forbade any man getting into the boats
until all the women and children had been
carried to the Brig.

A Mrs. Ann Small of Newburyport,
Mass., was under the particular care of
Capt. Herndon, she having buried her
husband at Panama on her journey from
California.

She says—"The ladies, most of them
were very calm, very quiet. One or two,
once in a while, became excited, and
moaned and lamented, but these were ex-
ceptions. The courage of the majority
seemed to hold out to the last. No re-
freshments, except hard bread and water,
were served out after Thursday. On the
morning of that day the table was set for
breakfast, but it was not done for dinner,
for by that time all the dishes were broken.

We ate little, even of the hard bread,
but remained intently watching the efforts
of the officers of the ship and the passen-
gers to save the vessel. On Saturday
morning, hope was given up, and prepara-
tions were made for sending of the ladies
and children to the Brig Marine, which
lay near us. The life-boats were lowered,
and had made two trips each to the Ma-
rine, filled with women and children, before
I was taken off by the third boat. As I
was being handed into the boat, Captain
Herndon came up and spoke to me. He
appeared sad, but very firm. "Mrs. Smith,"
he said, "this is sad;—I am sorry not to
get you home safely." With these words
he turned away, and I saw no more of him.
My little girl remained on board, and I
did not discover that she was absent un-
til I had got into the boat. I afterwards
learned that Capt. Herndon took charge
of her, and sent her to me by the next
boat, by a lady named Mrs. Kitteridge,
who handed her to me after I reached the
Marine. Capt. Herndon remained self-
possessed, calm, and firm throughout. I
shall never think of him with gratitude. I
am not surprised to hear that he is among
the lost, because I knew by his appearance
when I parted from him that he would be
the last man to leave the ship.

When the women and children had been
rescued, the boats which brought them
from the wreck were cut loose from the
Marine; the men who had manned them
positively refusing to return for fresh loads.
It was a melancholy spectacle we were now
confronted with. Three staunch boats
floated uselessly upon the rough waves,
while the wreck of the steamer, black with
people, was visibly sinking before our eyes.
Yet all attempts to persuade or drive the
seamen to undertake the rescue of others
proved utterly unavailing.

Mrs. Birch, wife of the Bryant Min-
strels, says:

As soon as the leak was discovered on
Friday morning the Captain sent a man
down into the cabin, who intimated our
danger, by asking for all the buckets and
blankets in the state-rooms, to use in stop-
ping the leak. The ladies never spoke a
word and kept perfectly calm and collected.
I never saw a calmer set of
women in my life; one or two asked to be
permitted to share in the labor of bailing,
but were told by the gentlemen to keep
quiet and all would yet be well. On Fri-
day the sea broke over us in avalanches,
completely swamping the cabin and state-

rooms, and the vessel would be so com-
pletely buried that it was dark as Erebus.

Owing to the scarcity of food and the
exhaustion consequent on the work of bail-
ing, liquor was freely supplied to all who
wanted it, and of course some took too
much, and many, in my opinion, lay stupe-
fied with drink in their state-rooms when
the steamer foundered. Before I left the
steamer my husband provided me with a
life-preserver, which I put on. I went into
my state-room for a cloak, followed by Mr.
Birch, and I saw my canary bird in its
cage. It was singing as merrily as it ever
did. On the spur of the moment I took
my little thing from my prison and placed
it in the bosom of my dress. My husband
reconstructed with me, hurrying me to leave
the vessel, and telling me not to waste
time on so trifling an object. When I was
lowered into the boat, I thought the bird
would have been killed by the rope, or else
drowned by the waves which broke over us,
but he escaped, and when I reached the
Marine, he was placed in a cage. The
little fellow bears no marks of his late
hardships, save that his feathers are disar-
ranged from the effects of the bath.

Mrs. Mary E. Swan, whose husband was
lost, says:

When it was my turn to leave the ship,
she said, my husband left his place at the
pumps to assist me into the life-boat—
The last I saw of my poor husband was
when he helped me into the boat. I
heard of him afterwards when he was still
at the pumps of the steamer. About an
hour before I left, he took me aside and
said "Good bye." He said, "I don't know
that I shall ever see you again." He was
very glad to think that I could be taken off.
He wanted me to go and said he did not
care about himself if it were possible that
I could be saved and the child. He told
me that he would try to save himself if an
honorable opportunity should present itself
after all the women were taken off. He
had been sick for three or four days before
the disaster, but notwithstanding this, he
persisted in keeping his place at the pumps.

Mrs. Swan having no friends in New
York, was very much affected on the ar-
rival of the Empire City yesterday morning.
When word was given to the passengers
to go ashore, she burst into tears, and
wringing her hands said, "Where shall I
go after I go ashore?" And on being asked
if she knew no one in the City, she said,
"No, I have no friends in New York, nor
in all the world, now that my husband is
lost." She was put into a carriage and
driven to a hotel, with other ladies.

Mrs. Hawley, who with her two chil-
dren, one of five months and the other
two years was saved, but whose husband
was lost, says:

After the first excitement caused by
the news that the steamer had sprung a
leak, the women were very calm, and did
all they could to encourage the men in
bailing. I saw no weeping until next day,
when the cry of "Sail, ho" was heard—
Our feeling of joy at the prospect of deliv-
erance then overcame us, and many wept,
but they were tears of joy. Then, again,
word came that there were no sail in sight,
and that the report was only started to
inspire the crew and passengers with new
courage. The men had become much ex-
hausted by constant bailing, and having
very little to eat, many of them gave
over and hid themselves in the state-rooms
and locked the doors. Others got liquor
and drank until stupefied, and all care for
life had vanished.

Just as we were about to leave to go in
the boat, I asked my husband if he would
not go with us; I had been very ill for
several days, and told him I should need as-
sistance with the children; he went and
took his money out of his trunk, but made
no reply as to whether he would accompany
me.

The last I saw of my husband he stood
on the wheel house and kissed his hand
to me as the boat pulled away from the
ship.

The little children were passed down,
the officer lowering them by their arms,
until the boat swung underneath, and they
could be caught hold of by the boatmen.
It was frightful to see these little ones,
held by their little tiny arms above the
waves. My babe was nearly smothered
by the flying spray, as they were obliged
to hold him a long time before he could
be reached by the boatmen; but when I
pressed him once more to my bosom, and
covered him with my shawl, he soon fell
asleep. The children did not cry, except
when the salt water came over us and
flow in their faces. We were all without
clothing, except the thin dresses we
wore. I took nothing with me, ex-
cept a heavy shawl and my watch. Some
of the children also were without clothing
or shoes and stockings.

A Mr. George, who went under when
the steamer foundered, but rose to the sur-
face of the water, says:

When she went down stern foremost,
after giving three lurches that made every
timber quiver, and which were to every
quaking heart as the throes that instantly
preceded her dissolution, he was dragged
with the rest on board of her some twenty
or twenty-five feet beneath the surface.
He heard no shriek, nothing, but the
screaming rush and hiss of waters that closed
about her as she hurried, almost with the
speed of an arrow, to her ocean bed—
When he became conscious, after the lapse
of a minute or two, he could distinguish
every object around him for a considerable
distance. The waves, as they rose and
fell, revealed a crowd of human heads—
Those unfortunate who had lost their
life-preservers or planks while under wa-
ter, owing to the force of the whirlpool,
were frantically snatching at the broken
pieces of the wreck, which, breaking from
the ship as she continued to descend,
leapt above the surface, and fell back with
a heavy splash. Their cries arose, then
mingled into one inarticulate wail, and
then the lustier and less terrified shouted
to the bark Marine, which was far beyond
hailing distance. The waves dashed them
one against another, at first, but speedily
they began to separate, and the last fare-

wells were taken. One man called to an-
other, in our informant's hearing, "If you
are saved Frank, send my love to my
dear wife," but the friend appealed to,
answered only with a gurgle of the throat.
He was washed off his plank, and perished
as his companion spoke. Many were
desirous of separating themselves as far as
possible from the rest, being fearful lest
some desperate struggler might seize hold
of them and draw them under. Others,
afraid of their loneliness, called to their
neighbors to cheer each other, as long as
they remained within hearing, and when
the roar of the waves drowned all but the
loudest shouting, the call of friendship, or
the cry of despair, was heard in the dis-
tance, and infused confidence, or increased
despair, in many a falling bosom.

One man, floating in solitude, and ter-
rified at his loneliness, after shouting him-
self hoarse to find a companion, saw at
length a man with two life-preservers fast-
ened about his body drifting towards him.
His heart leapt with joy at the welcome
sight, for the feeling of desolation which
had overcome him was terrible to endure.
He called to the other to join him, if
possible, and made every exertion to meet
him half way. There was no reply, but
the other drifted nearer and nearer. A
wave threw them together. They touch-
ed. The living man shrieked in the face
of a corpse. The other had been deprived
of the dash of the billows, or had perished
from exhaustion.

When rising and falling with the swell
of the waves, the lights of the bark Ellen
were first discerned by the survivors in the
water, the thrill of hope that at once filled
every breast amounted, it may well be be-
lieved, to a perfect ecstasy. Let Mr.
George speak for all. He says: "I never
felt so thankful in all my life. I never
knew what gratitude was before. I do not
know whether I cried or not, but I know
I was astonished to hear my own laughter
ringing in my ears. I do not know why I
laughed. That verse, 'God moves in a
mysterious way, keeping passing in and out
of me—through me, rather, as if I had been
the pipe of an organ. It did not come to
me by my own will, but somehow made
me remember it. When the lights ap-
proached nearer, a score of voices sprang
up around me, crying, 'Ship ahoy!' 'Bont
ahoy!' and then I began to shout too."

Agricultural Machinery and its Results.

Six years since, in Ohio, there were very
few agricultural machines—now there are
an immense number. The effect of ma-
chines in doing the work of men it is hard-
ly possible to estimate.

A mowman with two horses, two men and
a boy, must accomplish the work of at least
twenty men. If so, it must save the labor
of five men at least. Now, we know of
one county which has three hundred and
fifty mowers and reapers, and they must
save the labor of about 1800 men! In the
State at large, there must be about eight
thousand of these machines, thus saving
the labor of 40,000 able bodied men—
Supposing that they are employed only
two months in the year, for harvest only,
they will save, in money paid for labor
about \$2,500,000, per annum. The inter-
est on their cost will be about \$700,000
per year; so that there will be a net absolute
gain on them of more than two millions per
annum. If we look to the prairie States,
the saving will be much greater. In the
United States at large, probably, the labor of
3,000,000 able bodied men is saved during
two months in the year. This is equal in
money to \$20,000,000 per annum. This
savings, too, is made in the last five years.
But the saving of money is by no means
the most part of the saving. The econ-
omy of labor is in our modern civilization,
of the highest value, without reference to
the money or the market value. We have
already referred, as our readers will remem-
ber, to the tendencies of our present civiliza-
tion towards centralization in cities and
towns.

This is really, and without theory draw-
ing large portions of our rural or country
population to the towns. This is dimi-
nishing the agricultural laborers while it in-
creases the towns. The consequence is,
that both in America and Europe the re-
lative proportion of cultivators is contin-
ually diminished. If we suppose this process
to go on like a mathematical series without
arrest, the consequence would be ultimate
starvation; but, of course, the preliminary
sympptoms of such a calamity would be
sufficient to drive many from the cities to
the country, and thus change the current.
Still we must regard the invention and suc-
cess of this agricultural machinery as pre-
sential interference to avert for a time the
alternative of starving in cities or returning
to the country.—*Railroad Record.*

TEMPERANCE.—The efforts of the friends
of Temperance in this town have been, con-
sidering the time and circumstances, crown-
ed with marked success. The amount of
liquor consumed here now is not, appar-
ently, one-fourth as much as four months
ago. There are few drunken men to be
seen at any time in our streets, and rowdy-
ism seems to have greatly decreased.—
There is a healthy feeling generally pre-
vailing the community on the subject, and
we learn that there is a large and prosper-
ous Division of the Sons and Daughters of
Temperance here, holding interesting week-
ly meetings. It is to be hoped that their
efforts will not be permitted to flag until
temperance is universal.—*Massillon News.*

THE HOG CHOLERA.—Mr. Gibson Mal-
lory, who lives about five miles from the
city on the Westport Plank Road, informs
us that he has lost by this disease one hun-
dred out of one hundred and seventy hogs,
and that he expects to lose nearly or quite
all the rest. Mr. Sam. Steele, of the same
neighborhood, has lost all he had, about
eighty. Mr. Charles Barbrickman has lost
nearly all his, about seventy. Scarcely a
drove of hogs between here and Salt Lake
is exempt from the malady. It is said that no
diet can prevent it, and no medicine yet
discovered can arrest it.—*Louisville Jour-
nal 17th.*

Another Chapter in Locofoco State Financing—Making Deposits in a Bank after it is known to have Failed—Read!

The last and most desperate dodge of
the Dred Scott sham Democracy to prop
their tottering fortunes, was the production
of a private note written by Governor Chase
to John G. Breslin, which they allege in-
duced Breslin to select the City Bank of
Cincinnati as a place of deposit and safe
keeping of the Public Money. Breslin
himself NEVER ALLEGED SUCH CAUSE, and
no man of sense ever believed that the letter
of Gov. Chase induced Mr. Breslin thus to
act. At the time the letter was written,
the Bank was in good standing. It was
written in December '51. No public de-
posit was made in that Bank until the
spring of 1852. Breslin, in his annual re-
port of December 27th, 1855, says he se-
lected "the Commercial Bank at Toledo,
and the City Bank of Cincinnati as de-
positories for the Canal Tolls, in pursu-
ANCE OF THE ACT PASSED MARCH 29th,
1840." He says further, "At the opening
of navigation in 1852, in pursuance of the
Act referred to, the Collector at Cincin-
nati was directed to deposit the Tolls
collected by him in the City Bank of Cin-
cinnati. At various times deposits were
made in this Bank by the Treasurer to
procure exchange for the payment of in-
terest and redemption of bonds. In De-
cember, 1854, (three years after Chase's
letter was written, remember,) this Bank
failed to meet the drafts given the Treas-
urer for the amount of \$79,811 95." Here,
then, we have the official statement of Mr.
Breslin that he selected the City Bank in
pursuance of a law of 1840, and not be-
cause of the private note of Governor Chase,
as the Locofoco desperadoes now allege.

By the deposition of S. Robert, President
of this City Bank of Cincinnati, which is
printed in the Senate journal for 1857,
page 413, it appears that the Bank failed
to meet the drafts of the Treasurer in
August, 1853, amounting to \$76,
811 95, and that these drafts were re-
sued again and fell due in December, 1854,
and were again protested and not paid, as
Breslin acknowledges in his report of 1855.
quoted above. It is clear, that this Bank
actually failed in August, 1853, and not
withstanding the large amount of public
money therein deposited, the drafts of the
State drawn upon it were protested and the
State dishonored. What will be said by the
tax payers of Ohio when they are told
that this Bank was continued by the Locofoco
State Treasury as a public depository until
July 3d, 1855, NEARLY TWO YEARS
AFTER IT HAD BECOME BANK-
RUPT AND FAILED! President Robert,
in his deposition sworn to October 1st,
1856, says that the State drafts of this
City Bank were protested and non-paid
"prior to or in August, 1853." The concern
finally shut up and ceased operations
as a bank some time in the spring of 1854.
Though it was known to the State Treas-
urer, and doubtless to Morgan, Medill &
Co., as early as August, 1853, when the
State drafts amounting to seventy-nine
thousand dollars and over were protested
for non-payment, yet Breslin kept on de-
positing there up to July 3d, 1855, and
from May 10th, 1854 to July 3d, 1855,
he actually deposited in that Bank the
enormous sum of \$75,369 90. Here is a
correct abstract taken from the books of
the Bank and forwarded to us.

Deposits to the credit of John G. Breslin, Treasurer, in the City Bank of Cincinnati.

May 30th	\$ 100 00
June 10th	3,431 02
" 20th	3,696 35
July 11th	1,352 51
" 12th	399 81
" 18th	1,303 55
" 20th	1,576 17
" 21st	1,849 49
" 25th	1,581 14
" 27th	1,500 00
" 28th	1,340 00
Aug. 2d	2,213 14
" 5th	5,067 28
" 12th	1,250 86
" 16th	1,315 95
" 17th	1,317 38
" 21st	2,000 00
" 24th	1,284 61
" 26th	437 59
Sept. 1st	1,855 59
" 6th	50 00
" 8th	1,572 50
" 14th	3,510 08
" 18th	1,103 09
" 20th	1,237 18
" 27th	1,251 96
Oct. 4th	1,627 09
" 12th	1,301 57
" 19th	1,686 12
" 25th	1,286 59
Nov. 1st	1,415 04
" 8th	951 51
" 15th	568 68
" 22d	1,143 85
Dec. 6th	970 87
" 13th	421 77
" 20th	653 04
" 27th	197 37
June 3d, 1855	336 86
" 10th	17 10
" 13th	5,000 00
" 17th	314 47
" 24th	406 84
Feb. 14th	334 85
Apr. 18th	931 70
" 25th	1,429 76
May 2d	1,822 51
" 9th	1,822 51
" 16th	1,677 88
" 23d	1,063 69
" 30th	1,030 83
June 9th	598 12
" 13th	598 12
" 20th	1,020 34
" 27th	1,555 08
July 3d	84 69